Rattled Along in the Women's Van with the Prisoners for Blackwell's Island.

Possible Innocence and Hardened Guilt Crowded Close Together in Gloomy Black Maria.

"All right, Pete."

"Bang!" goes the door. There is a rattle of bolts and bars, a rumble of wheels, the snap of a whip, the snort of a horse, a sob may a curse, and I have begun my journey in the "Black Maria" is the transfer wagon which takes prisoners from the police court prisons to the Tombs and to the ferry for the pentitentiary on linekwell's Island. And many a sad life journey has begun in the vehicle of misery and of hopelessness.

I had seen the mournful looking, box-like vehicle, with its locked and barred door and its resemblance to a travelling prison going through the streets on many occasions. It's mystery fascinated me.

I asked Commissioner Robert J. Wright, of the Department of Correction, for permission to ride in it. He threw up his hands in hortor.

"Better begin eary," said he. "Try the dead wagon first."

But nevertheless he wrote out a card or introduction to Warden Lyuch, of the Posta. Fifty-seventh street, near Fourth avenue. The prison les in the basement of the big Yorkville Court building The prisoners come from the court room apstairs.

"The "Slack Maria" is not black, but brown—a rosty, checolate color, and for all the world. Like a big fron treasure box on hele's, with its huge clamps and bares and boirs.

"Male prisoners," calls out the driver.

"D'arrell, McBride and Morrosin," called out Keeper O'Connor, 'ffor the Tombs, and Smith, Geaubean, Lavinsky, Green and Johnson Joi though the prison, and their wrists. They were of all sorts, from the man who was to be sent to the Jaland for drunkenness, to the man who was to be sent to the Jaland for drunkenness, to the man who was to be sent to the Jaland for drunkenness, to the man who was to be sent to the Jaland for drunkenness, to the man who was to be sent to the Jaland for drunkenness, to the man who was to be sent to the Jaland for drunkenness, to the man who was to be sent to the Jaland for drunkenness, to the man who ware family stowed away on two long benches, running up and down on the long benches, running up and down on th

THE REAL NEW WOMAN FOUND.

She Married One New Man and Another One Is Their Close Friend.

The Husband Cooks, the Wife Is Athletic, While the Friend Makes Pretty Bonnets on Long Island.

Peconic, L. I., Feb. 8.-If this small town | life of a country girl until she

Peconic, L. I., Feb, 8.—If this small town is never remarkable for anything else it will at least go down in history as the piece where the "new man" was first discovered. Humorists have described this carious creature and comic artists have depicted it garbed in beruffled trousers and a flare frock coat, but I think that in all justlee I can claim to have discovered two perfect specimens of this weird being which has evoluted into this end of the nineteenth century as a most direct and incontrovertible proof of woman's progress.

The "new man" certainty exiats here and is a most interesting study. One of the two which I found became the husband a week or two ago of a splendid specimen of the athletic and progressive woman. He is past sixty; she is in the early twenties. She swings Indian clubs, rows, swims, rides and wheels in dashing style; he has one hobby—cooking. His present wife fell in love with him because of bis skill in cooking and his house-husbandly instincts. He did not win her by coquettish glances or soft nothings whispered in a conservatory. He gave her a cruller of his own making, and it was the most effective arrow in all found's gulver.

in all Cupid's quiver.

Previous to his marriage the biushing bridegroom kept house by himself in the upper rooms of a small cettage in Peconic.

The lower floor was occupied by a millinery store kept by his landlord and chosen chum—another "new man," who trims and makes the hats and bouncis for the feminary residents of Long Island from Peconic.

His crulers will go down in history. He is a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts, and can a master hand at pie of all sorts. makes the hats and bouncis for the fominine residents of Long Island from Peconfe to Greenport. He is the best milliner in the country round in this section and his bonnets are as celebrated and as good as his friend's crallers.

Long Island for his ceilinary achievements. His crullers will go down in history. He is a master hand at pie of all softs, and can then any woman in Peconic.

Husbands in that village are wont to twit their wives with the fact that their bread and cake is not up to George Wolls's, and Peconic matrons try in value to, learn hist

KATE MASTERSON-



The Long, Miserable Line of Male Prisoners Filing into the Black Maria.

IN THE BLACK MARIA.



"Pretty little innocent I" exclaimed the brazen-faced hag. "She's too pretty, she is I"